

[Good Vibrations](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Noct and Prompto find something interesting in Ignis's luggage. Noct has also clearly never heard of keeping his hands to himself, because he wants to test out their new discovery. On Prompto.

The first feature of note was that it was bright purple.

The second was that it was a sex toy.

Good Vibrations

Author's Note:

....that title tho. #sorrynotsorry

I am very sorry, however, if I don't know how vibrators work on dicks good, I tried to consult as much research as I could, but I just straight up do not know how dicks are supposed to work most of the time.

"Hey, Prompto, you ever find something that just makes you close your eyes for a second to thank the Astrals for whatever led to that exact moment?" Noct asked, apropos of absolutely nothing. He closed the door to the motel room behind himself and flipped the lock, practically bouncing over to the bed.

"Honestly, I got no clue what you're talking about," said Prompto, who'd been going through his camera roll and was a little too distracted by a photo that was mostly of Gladio's ass to figure out what Noct was saying.

Noct flung himself onto the motel bed in front of Prompto, grinning like he'd uncovered all the secrets of the universe. "So," he began, "I was looking through Iggy's bag—"

"Why the hell would you—"

"Shh! Don't interrupt. Also, I was gonna steal one of his shirts, because Gladio thinks it's sexy."

Prompto also thought it was sexy when Noct wore Iggy's clothes. Clearly, that plan hadn't gone through—Noct was still in his own shirt. He nodded along until Noct kept going.

"So, instead, I found *this*," he said, reaching under the pillow and tugging out a black silk bag, pulled closed with a drawstring. A little weird, but not exactly revolutionary.

Prompto crossed his legs and leaned in to examine it. "What is it?" he asked, looking up at Noct.

"Hang on." He picked at the knot, sticking his tongue between his lips as he worked. Prompto wanted to kiss him, but he didn't think Noct would take kindly to an interruption. "Might've tied this too tight when I closed it," he said, and Prompto had to shove down an urge to take it from him and open it himself.

When Noct finally pried the tie apart, he revealed a coeurl-print inner lining, a spray bottle of some kind, and an item that he brandished at Prompto with a flourish, which definitely required some closer inspection.

The first feature of note was that it was bright purple.

The second was that it was a sex toy.

It wasn't terrifyingly phallic, only about four or five inches long, curved into a bit of a rounded hourglass shape. There was one button toward the base, and it was soft silicone, pleasant to touch when Prompto plucked it from Noct's fingers.

"Dude," he said, in a hush, "why the hell did you steal Iggy's vibrator out of his bag!?"

"To show you, obviously," Noct said. "Also, I couldn't figure out how to turn it on."

"Why the hell do you think I'd know? I don't have one," Prompto said, but he thumbed the button almost on instinct. Nothing happened. "Wait, why do you want to turn it on?"

"I dunno. Kinda thought I'd try it out." As if that wasn't weird as shit.

"What the hell, Noct! You can't *use somebody else's sex toy*," Prompto said, "it'd be like using their toothbrush! Or wearing their underwear! You wouldn't wear Iggy's underwear, would you?" He realized belatedly that he

was gesturing with the toy while he spoke, and he decided it would be best to set it on the bed.

"Dunno. Are we talking his regular underwear or the lacy ones?" Noct asked, which just reminded Prompto of the image of Iggy in his deep plum lingerie, which led to the image of Iggy sprawled out on the bed in that particular outfit with this particular toy—alright, that's enough of that.

"Noct!" he squeaked, because Noct had picked it up again.

"What?" He pressed the button again, to no result. Well, if he couldn't figure out how to turn it on, they weren't in too much danger.

Except that Prompto's brain was way too good at figuring out any mechanism it was presented with, so it was without thinking that he said, "you probably have to press and hold."

Well, fuck you too, brain.

Noct did, and it worked, damn Prompto's incredibly specific skill set. The toy began vibrating rapidly—so rapidly that Noct dropped it on the bed and jumped like a startled cat. "Holy shit," he said, poking at it. "Just. Make sure that doesn't vibrate off the bed for a sec. I'm gonna take my clothes off."

Oh, so he was gonna *use it*, use it. "Seriously!? Noct, put your pants back on—*Noct!*"

Unfortunately, there was only one person in the world Noct listened to.

Unfortunately, that would be the owner of this vibrator.

Noct flopped back onto the bed completely naked, and Prompto looked at the ceiling both because he was praying to the Six that nothing weird would happen and because if he looked at Noct, he'd agree to do basically anything Noct asked. Prompto was weak, alright? He was weak, and Noct was hot.

Noct poked the vibrator against Prompto's thigh, not two inches from his dick, and he jumped at the feeling of it, even through his clothes. "Does it feel okay?" Noct asked, and Prompto squirmed, not sure if he wanted to get away or not.

"I dunno, man, it's just like, when you set a video game controller on your leg and then there's some giant explosion and it sets off the rumble thingy. Except faster."

"Can I move it up?" Noct asked, and 'up' definitely meant 'on Prompto's dick, and he really, really shouldn't've agreed to that, but...

"Yeah."

He was too goddamn into this for his own good.

Prompto clutched at Noct's bicep as Noct moved the vibrator up, running it over Prompto's cock without too much pressure. It felt almost teasing, ticklish, like when Noct trailed his fingers a little too lightly over the back of Prompto's knee that one time and he accidentally kicked Noct in the face on reflex.

There was no space for him to do that this time, but he rolled his hips forward, trying to rub himself against the toy despite his inhibitions. Alright, maybe Noct had the right idea getting naked before starting all this.

Prompto wasn't sure who moved first, if he kissed Noct or if Noct kissed him, but it was way more intense, way faster than he was used to. Noct's left hand clutched at Prompto's neck to pull him in, but his right (and the vibrator) had mysteriously vanished. It wasn't until Noct was moaning and panting into his mouth that Prompto's brain finally caught up; Noct was using it on himself. Prompto would've liked to watch that, but he also liked kissing Noct, and Noct didn't seem like he wanted to stop doing that anytime soon.

Noct nipped Prompto's lower lip as he pulled away, grinning like this was all going according to plan. "Take your clothes off," he ordered, and

Prompto reached between them, fumbling blindly and coming across the texture of the vibrator pressed against the head of Noct's dick.

"Take my clothes off yourself," Prompto said, grabbing Noct's ass and pulling him closer until the toy was crushed between the two of them.

"Ah! Move, I can't take that for long," Noct said, and Prompto wasn't sure if that was because Noct was that much more sensitive than him, or if it just felt that much more intense without pants and underwear in the way.

Well. He'd just have to take his pants off and find out.

While it did feel more intense against his bare skin, Prompto still knew the vibrator itself wouldn't be enough to get him off. He collapsed onto his back on the bed, pulling Noct with him, brushing his fingertips over a bruise on his ribs, probably from that hunt they'd finished yesterday.

"C'mon, just touch me," he begged, dragging Noct in as best he could.

"I wanna try more stuff with this." Of course.

"Noooooct," Prompto whined, because, c'mon, vibrators were supposed to be for when you *didn't* have your gorgeous, sexy boyfriend right there ready to bone down. Seriously.

"What else do you think you're supposed to do with this?" Noct asked, "does it go... inside?"

Prompto grabbed Noct's wrist and faced him with his best imitation of the 'disappointed Iggy face'. "Dude, we spent way too long laughing at that post about that dude who got a vibrator stuck in his ass and had to go to the ER for me to let you put that in you."

Noct chuckled a little, which, okay, that post had been really funny, especially the x-ray, but he also didn't drop the vibrator. "Alright, different approach, then," he said, grasping the shaft of the toy and Prompto's cock in one hand, kind of like he would if he was jerking himself and Prompto off

together. When it pressed against the whole length of him, Prompto's toes curled, and his back arched as he tried to get *more*.

Noct couldn't really jerk him off like this, not unless he wanted to lose his grip on the toy, but he did readjust it so that the tip of the vibrator was pressed just under the head of Prompto's cock, that spot that always made him feel like he'd turned into jelly when somebody licked it. He whined, clutching at the pillows, feeling a little remorseful for the fact that they were undoubtedly about to ruin another set of motel sheets.

"How's that?" Noct asked, and Prompto didn't really answer in words, but he figured the garbled moan was enough that Noct knew it was pretty damn good.

Noct switched hands so his right was free, and stuck his first two fingers in his mouth, and Prompto kinda figured Noct was going to touch himself—after all, he wasn't getting much stimulation on anything right now, but he stroked up the crease of Prompto's ass instead. *Unfair*.

"Noct, you're gonna make me—" he started, rolling his hips into Noct's touch, which meant Noct couldn't quite get his fingers in, but it was still a *lot*.

"Quit wiggling. I need like three hands to keep you still, and—actually, you know what, grab this," Noct instructed, guiding Prompto to grab his own cock, which was kind of an amazing idea, because it meant he was in control of getting the toy exactly where he wanted it. *Six*. When that thing was in the right spot, Prompto swore he could feel the vibrations in his *teeth*.

With his hand newly freed, Noct pushed Prompto's thighs open, and considered for a moment before leaning in and licking all along the length of Prompto's cock, giggling when the toy made his tongue buzz. Noct couldn't get Prompto's cock all the way in his mouth, not with the vibrator up against him, but it was enough. Fuck, it was *more* than enough.

Prompto was, and always had been *loud* when he came, which meant he couldn't hear the key turning in the lock over his own half strangled moans.

In fact, he really didn't notice until he tried to pull Noct in to kiss him again, and Noct looked behind himself instead.

"Noct, what the—oh."

Well. Ignis had just walked into something interesting, hadn't he.

— — —

Noct was used to Ignis judging him for doing stupid shit, like hiding his vegetables during dinner or warping until he almost passed out during every fight they got into. That was basically Ignis's job description: stare disapprovingly.

So, Noct had expected the *what in the hell do you think you're doing, Your Highness* look to accompany Ignis walking in on Noct jerking Prompto off with Ignis's vibrator—except that instead, Ignis calmly locked the door behind himself and crossed the room with a dark, inscrutable expression on his face.

Noct was sure he'd really, really fucked up. Like, more so than usual.

He was less sure when Ignis undid another button on his shirt, and *much* less sure when Ignis started taking his gloves off. With his teeth. Casually, like this was a normal reaction to the very normal scenario of walking into a motel room to find somebody else using your sex toy. Maybe Prompto had been right about the underwear thing.

"Having fun?" he asked, an air of lightness in his voice that had to be put on. Alright, Ignis may have been angry, but he forgot that Noct was into angry Ignis, sexually, which had always made Ignis trying to discipline him go poorly.

Prompto chucked the vibrator at Noct's face, but it hit him in the chest. It definitely had jizz on it. Noct turned it off.

"Uh. We were, um—" Prompto started, but his head had to be pretty cloudy after the *clearly amazing* orgasm Noct had just given him. The part of him

that wasn't chagrined about being caught was ridiculously pleased about that.

"Oh, I can work out what you were doing with relative ease," Ignis said. "I'll assume it was Noct who was going through my belongings—you *did* tell him it belonged to me, didn't you?"

"Don't think he would've believed me if I told him I'd had a secret vibrator the whole time," Noct said, and Prompto nodded along. "I... honestly didn't think you'd be mad, Iggy, sorry—"

"I'm not," Ignis said. Sounded fake, but okay. "I'm simply... well, I'm fucking with you, really."

Prompto laughed, while Noct raised his eyebrows and waited for an explanation to come around.

"You honestly don't think I'd leave something in plain view in my bag that I didn't want you to find?"

"I dunno," Noct said, because Ignis also had at least some sense of decency and expected the rest of them to, as well. "Where else would you put it?"

"With the rest of them."

The.

REST??

Of them?

"Oh my god, they're in the arminger," Prompto realized, while Noct was still focused on the *rest* of them part. He'd been with Ignis for a while, okay, and he'd never known about this shit.

"The *rest*?"

"Yes, Noct, I have several. This one is the simplest, of course."

And yet, he still hadn't been able to turn it on without Prompto's help.

"Well, uh, thanks for leaving it there, I guess," Prompto said, with a little self-conscious laugh. "I had fun with it."

"So." Noct reached out and snagged Ignis by his belt. "You gonna show me how to use it properly, Iggy?" If he hadn't known Ignis had left it there on purpose, it would've been a gamble, but Noct was starting to suspect that this was exactly what Ignis had wanted. He probably just hadn't planned for the part where Noct asked Prompto about it instead of going to Ignis straight away.

The grin that spread onto his face was all the more evidence. "Of course I am," he said. "You need only ask."

Noct had lost his hard-on during the whole 'oh fuck is Ignis going to kill me for this' part of the evening, but between Ignis and Prompto, it was pretty easy to get him going again. Prompto had started taking pictures, after expressing his worry that Gladio was missing out, and sure, he was probably having fun hanging out with Iris but didn't Noct *want* to make him jealous that he'd missed this?

Alright, yeah, Prompto had him there.

Prompto also had him, like, *physically*, gripping Noct's wrists in one hand as he held his phone with the other, taking yet another picture of Noct sprawled out on the bed with Ignis kneeling between his legs and calmly explaining the most sensitive areas of Noct's body. Not that Noct was comprehending any of what Ignis was saying. All he knew was that whenever Ignis pushed the toy up behind his balls like that, it resulted in him trying to struggle free of Prompto's grip.

Prompto, to his credit, held him down pretty well. Noct would have to examine his thoughts on that later, when he wasn't about to kick Ignis in the head if he didn't stop *fucking teasing him* and just *let him come, already*.

"Not yet," Ignis said, and Noct wasn't sure if he'd said the part about kicking Iggy in the head if he didn't get off soon enough out loud, or if Ignis

just knew him too well.

"Augh, Ignis, you're killing me," Noct said, and Prompto had to drop his phone to hold him down with both hands.

"I think you're fine," Prompto said, practically gleeful, probably because *he'd* had sex with a person who wasn't a horrible, horrible tease.

Ignis ran the toy along the length of Noct's dick, used it to press the head into Noct's stomach for just a second. "I'd like to make you come just from this," he said.

"I don't think I work that way," Noct said.

Ignis just hummed and pressed it against his taint again, clicking the power button, and Noct realized he'd been using the vibrator on the lowest setting. Oh. It went way, way higher, didn't it. "What was that?" Ignis asked, mock sweetness in his voice, because he fucking *knew* Noct couldn't answer, not when he was busy gasping and moaning and pressing into Ignis's touch.

Prompto took another picture.

"You're not actually sending those right now, are you?" Ignis asked, and Prompto laughed.

"Dude. I'm not an idiot. Iris would totally pick up his phone for him, and despite her little *thing* for Noct, I doubt she wants to see his dick."

"I would rather her not see us in such a compromising position, yes," Ignis said, because he was definitely in the next shot, with the way he was leaning in to lick up the puddle of pre-come that had collected on Noct's stomach. Of course, Ignis carefully avoided touching his cock.

"*Prompto*," Noct begged, because he had to at least have some sympathy, considering how often he'd been on the receiving end of Ignis's teasing.

Prompto just smiled at him, and Noct couldn't be mad that he didn't move to give Noct anything more, because he was the most beautiful fucking thing,

and also, he lifted Noct's hand to kiss over his knuckles, and that was cute as hell.

Ignis was less cute, biting Noct's hip and changing the setting on the toy so that it vibrated intensely in little intermittent pulses, which made Noct sort of wish this was the kind of thing he could put inside himself, because that rhythm was remarkably similar to a good, hard fuck. Like when Prompto got really worked up and nailed him into the bed. Or the floor. Or any horizontal surface, really.

Heat was curling in his belly, making his toes clench, and alright, he had to admit, Ignis might have a thing here. He really wished he had his hands free, so he could grab Ignis and pull him closer, but instead, he had to use his words. Ugh.

"*Ignis*," he said, which made Ignis lift his head almost immediately, always defaulting to attention whenever Noct said his name. "Kiss me, come here, fuck."

Ignis grinned and bit him once more before bending to Noct's requests. Noct hadn't even had to pull the 'I'm the boss of you' card to get his way this time—not that it'd ever worked before, but sometimes Ignis humored him. Ignis was significantly less sloppy about it than Noct was, but he wasn't the one with a vibrator that must've been on its highest setting pressing against him. The only sign that Ignis was at all ruffled was the flush on his aristocratic cheekbones and his shirt hanging half-open. Having Ignis still relatively put together while Noct was relatively taken apart always did get him.

Noct was *just there* when Ignis became distracted by the door opening and Gladio walking in, which was, thankfully, much less of an interruption as Ignis's entrance had been.

"Uh, hey," he said, slamming the door shut with a little too much force. "What're you guys doing?"

"Educational lesson," Ignis said, driving the tip of the vibrator into the point just below the head of Noct's dick and making him cry out, his back arching

as he tried to *will* himself to come.

Didn't work.

"Be a dear and get me the lube, or let Prompto do it," Ignis said, and Gladio let out a shaky breath before attending to his orders. Iggy getting all domineering did it for all of them, apparently. Well. It was hot.

"Thought you weren't gonna—" Noct said when Ignis started pushing two of his talented fingers into him. Although, maybe he shouldn't have been questioning it, because literally anything that'd get him off right now was welcome.

"I've decided to show mercy," Ignis said. More like he realized it wasn't gonna happen.

"Well, alright." Noct groaned, both because he could see Gladio kissing Prompto above him and because the familiar spine-tingle of Ignis's fingers pressing against his prostate started to course through him.

"What made you break out the toys?" Gladio asked, and of course *he* knew about them. Prompto actually let go of Noct's hands, busy feeling Gladio up, and Noct would've taken advantage of that if all his bones hadn't liquified.

"Nothing in particular," Ignis said, breezy, like he wasn't blowing Noct's whole brain. "I suppose I wanted to know what would happen."

Sure. Just curiosity.

Well, curiosity killed cats and it seemed to have a vendetta against Noct, too.

Noct begged another kiss out of Ignis, finally free to grab him and hold him close as he came, and he heard Gladio cursing from somewhere nearby, felt the mattress bounce as Prompto probably tackled him. Noct was too busy not letting Ignis go for even a second to pay attention to what Gladio and Prompto were getting up to. He couldn't feel the vibrator going anymore,

which must've meant Ignis had turned it off or set it aside, which was probably a good thing, considering how oversensitive Noct was getting. Ignis's fingers still stroked inside him, slowly bringing him down from the high.

"Alright," Noct said, still breathing hard, finally able to speak in words again, "I see why you'd use one of these things, okay." He was pretty sure he'd come all over Ignis's shirt.

"Iggy," Gladio said, extricating himself from under Prompto, "you gonna show them that one that looks like a behemoth's—"

"Absolutely not, that particularly regrettable drunk purchase is still at my apartment."

Prompto was staring at Ignis with his mouth open, and Noct followed suit.

"Damn, Iggy, I've known you for sixteen years and you still manage to surprise the hell out of me."

"That's the intention, my dear," Ignis said, kissing Noct until Noct tried to find the toy and turn it on again.

After all, turnabout was fair play, and Ignis deserved it.

Author's Note:

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